

SPOTLIGHT

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ROBERTS
KURTH

THE TRANSFORMERS



ORION PAX

SPOTLIGHT

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ROBERTS
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THE TRANSFORMERS



FORMERS



ORION PAX

James Knepper

THE TRANSFORMERS

STORY SO FAR:

One day, he will be known as Optimus Prime... but millions of years ago, during the early days of the conflict between Autobots and Decepticons, he was a peacekeeper named Orion Pax—and he's about to get a taste of what the future holds for him!

(Editor's note: This story takes place prior to the events of Transformers: Autocracy)

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FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO.

10,000 FEET ABOVE CYBERTRON.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—WE
SHOULD *DEFINITELY*
HAVE GONE WITH PLAN B.

**OMEGA'S
CONUNDRUM**

**AUTOBOT
HEADQUARTERS.
EARLIER.**

MAY I PRESENT
THE ALL-NEW,
ALL-IMPROVED,
ALMOST
INVINCIBLE...

...ORION
PAX!

A NEW
BODY FOR
A NEW
ERA!



COME ON
THEN, BIG
GUY: FIRST
IMPRESSIONS...



WHAT HAPPENED
TO MY LUCKY
FACEPLATE?

I TOOK IT
OFF. IT'S OVER
THERE. IT'S...
JUST A *PLATE*
NOW.

I LIKED IT.
IT MOVED
WHEN I
SPOKE.

OH, I'M
SORRY, IT'S
JUST—MOUTHS
ARE VERY "IN" AT
THE MOMENT. I'M
THINKING OF
GETTING ONE
MYSELF...

I'M *JOKING*, WHEELJACK!
YOU'VE DONE A *FIRST-
CLASS* JOB—I CAN'T
WAIT TO TEST IT
IN THE FIELD.

JUST MAKE
SURE YOU BREAK
IT IN *SLOWLY*—AND
GO GENTLY ON YOUR
*TRANSFORMATION
COG*. IT'S HAVING TO
COORDINATE AN
ENTIRELY NEW SET
OF LIMBS.

TELL HIM,
KAPUT.





WHEELJACK'S RIGHT. UNTIL YOU'RE AT EASE WITH YOURSELF *PHYSICALLY* I'D RECOMMEND *INCREMENTAL RECONFIGURATION*—ONE COMPONENT AT A TIME.

IF YOU'RE CHANGING SHAPE AND YOUR BODY *RESISTS*, DON'T *FORCE* IT—IT PROBABLY ISN'T MEANT TO BEND THAT WAY.



AND DON'T FORGET THAT—

SORRY, WHAT WAS YOUR NAME AGAIN?

RUNG.

DON'T FORGET THAT RUNG HERE CAN PROVIDE *COUNSELLING* IF YOU NEED HELP ADJUSTING TO THE *LOSS* OF YOUR OLD BODY.



COPIING WITH CHANGE: FROM REPAINTS TO REDESIGNS

ISSUED BY THE FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL

OLD SPARK, NEW BODY AFTER THE TRANSPLANT

ISSUED BY THE FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL

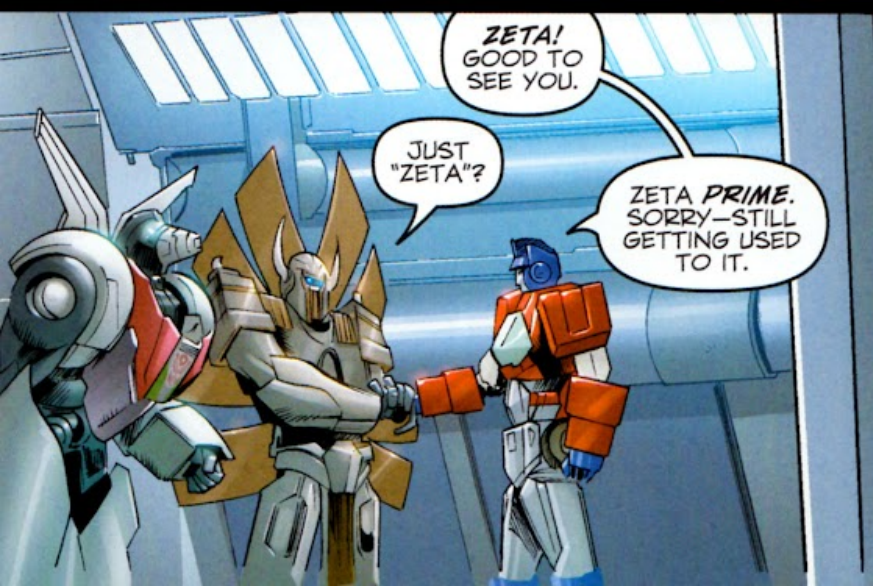
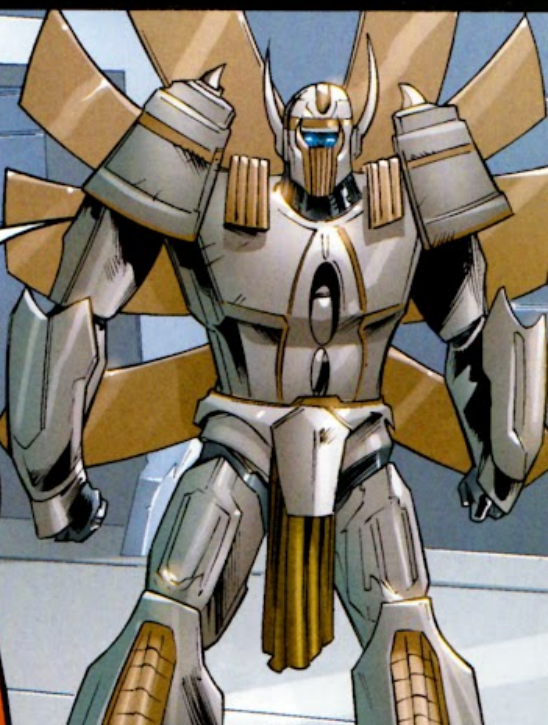
IT'S OKAY—I'M NOT A FAN OF *SELF-HELP LITERATURE*. BESIDES, I FEEL A BIT OF A *FRAUD*...



...I INTEND GOING BACK TO MY *ORIGINAL BODY* ONCE THIS IS ALL OVER.

TYPICAL! I GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF ARRANGING AN *EMERGENCY REFIT* AND YOU'RE ALREADY PINING FOR *PAX MARK 1...*!

NEVER TURN DOWN AN UPGRADE, PAX: BIGGER, BETTER, FASTER, STRONGER. THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.



ZETA! GOOD TO SEE YOU.

JUST "ZETA"?

ZETA *PRIME*. SORRY—STILL GETTING USED TO IT.



YOU AND THE REST OF THE WORLD. I KNOW THE *NEW SENATE* HAS A LOT TO PROVE, BUT WE'LL GET THERE.

RIGHT NOW I JUST NEED YOU TO *FOLLOW ME* AND—

I'LL *ALWAYS* FOLLOW YOU. YOU KNOW THAT.

I, ER—HEH—I MEANT FOLLOW ME *NEXT DOOR*...

"...NIGHTBEAT HAS A PRESENTATION TO MAKE."

OKAY, SO THE THE DECEPTICONS ARE HOLDING RATCHET **HERE**.

I SAY "HERE", BUT YOU'RE LOOKING AT A REGION OF CYBERTRON THAT'S **HUNDREDS** OF MILES WIDE.

THE RUST SPOT—THE MOST TREACHEROUS, HAZARDOUS, DANGEROUS STRETCH OF LAND ON THE PLANET.

DID I SAY HAZARDOUS?

HAZARDOUS WAS THERE, YES.

IF YOU HAD TO DESCRIBE THE RUST SPOT IN ONE WORD, THAT WORD WOULD BE "AVOID."

IF IT ISN'T BEING **PULVERIZED** BY **NUKE WINDS** IT'S SINKING UNDER THE **TOXIC SLUDGE SWAMPS**.

AND THE **CORROSIVE MISTS** MAKE VISIBILITY POOR AND PLAY HAVOC WITH NAVISYSTEMS. NET RESULT: NO ONE FLIES IN OR OUT.

THE RUST SPOT IS FUNDAMENTALLY **UNMAPPABLE**, BUT WE THINK THAT SOMEWHERE **UNDERNEATH** IT IS A NETWORK OF TUNNELS—THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR A DECEPTICON TERROR CELL.

YOUR NEW BODY, PAX, WILL ENABLE YOU TO BETTER NEGOTIATE THE TERRAIN.

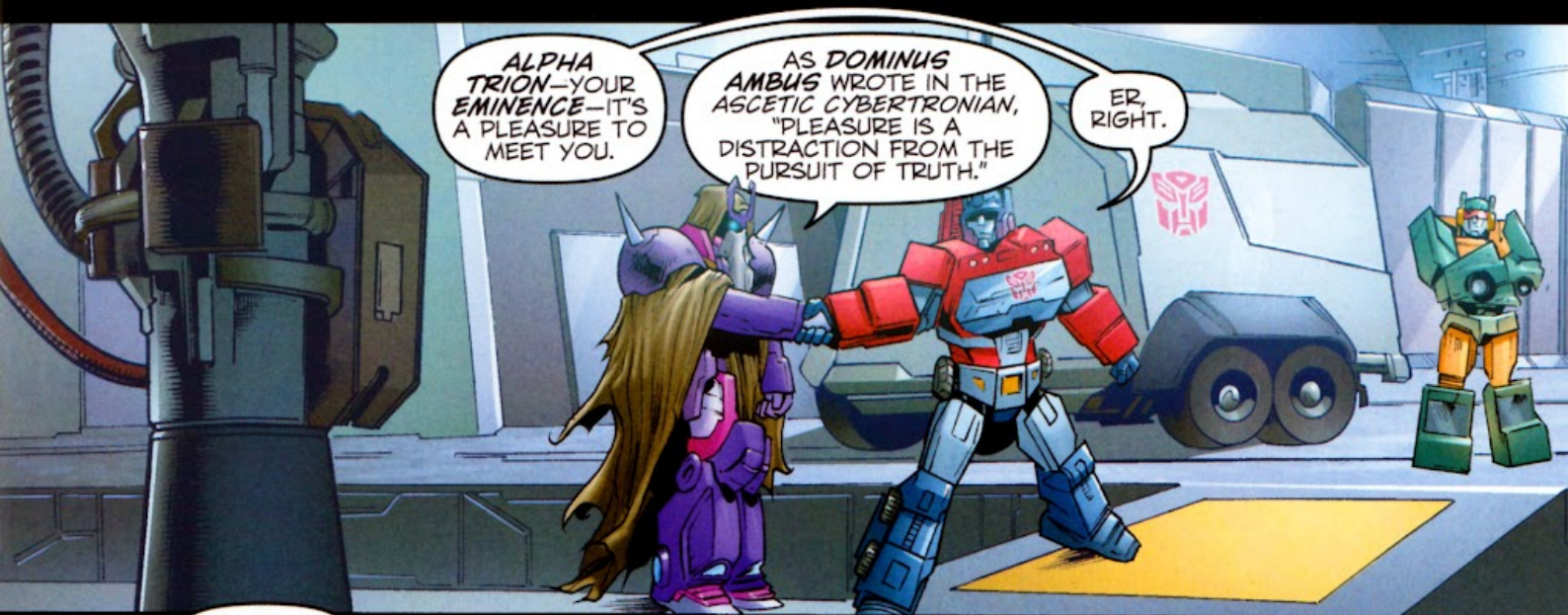
SO WE'RE STICKING WITH **PLAN A**: I ESCORT A **DECEPTICON PRISONER** ACROSS THE RUST SPOT, RENDEZVOUS WITH THE ENEMY, AND MAKE THE SWAP.

AN OLD-FASHIONED **HOSTAGE EXCHANGE**, YES. WHATEVER IT TAKES TO GET OUR CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER BACK.

WHEN DO I LEAVE?

YOU WON'T BE DOING IT ALONE, AS WELL AS NIGHTBEAT HERE—A **SUPERLATIVE** HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR—YOU'LL BE ACCOMPANIED BY CYBERTRON'S FOREMOST PHILOSOPHER, POLYMATH, AND PUBLIC INTELLECTUAL—

—NOT TO MENTION THE **WORLD EXPERT** IN **RUST SPOT NAVIGATION**...



ALPHA TRION—YOUR EMINENCE—IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

AS DOMINUS AMBUS WROTE IN THE ASCETIC CYBERTRONIAN, "PLEASURE IS A DISTRACTION FROM THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH."

ER, RIGHT.



AN INTERESTING DESIGN...

PRIOR TO ITS RECENT APPROPRIATION AS THE AUTOBOT SIGIL, THIS WAS THE CLOSEST OUR RACE HAD TO A UNIVERSAL SYMBOL.

FROM THE HIGH PRIESTS OF K'TH KINGSERE TO THE VARIOUS IGNITION CULTS, EVERY CIRCUIT SECT HELD "THE FIRST FACE" IN HIGH REGARD.

IT WOULD REAPPEAR WHENEVER OUR RACE WAS ON THE BRINK OF PROFOUND GLOBAL UNREST, EACH SUBTLE VARIATION IN DESIGN SERVING TO MARK THE TRANSITION FROM ONE EPOCH TO THE NEXT...



...AND NOW IT'S ON A TRAILER. THE END.

NOW CAN WE PLEASE GET GOING?



IS THE PRISONER INSIDE?

YES, AND MAY I REMIND BOTH OF YOU THAT, AS PER PROTOCOL FOUR, WE'RE NOT HERE TO ENGAGE WITH HIM—WHOEVER "HE" IS.

SEE? NOT EVEN I KNOW.



WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION: HOW CAN WE BE CERTAIN THAT THERE'S SOMEONE IN THERE?

WHAT?

SURELY I CAN'T BE THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO'S HEARD OF OMEGA'S CONUNDRUM...

"WHEN SOMETHING CEASES TO BE OBSERVED, HOW CAN WE BE SURE IT CONTINUES TO EXIST?"

A CLOSED BOX IS UNKNOWNABLE. YOU HAVE TO OPEN IT.

THIS IS GONNA BE A LONG JOURNEY...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE—THE **TESK CRATER** IS UP AHEAD. THERE'S A **LEDGE** BELOW THE EASTERN RIM THAT WILL PROVIDE SOME COVER UNTIL THE DECEPICON ARRIVE.

I'M **CURIOUS**. HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE RUST SPOT?

HAVE YOU HEARD OF **METROPLEX**?

HEARD THE **LEGENDS**, YES. THEY SAY HE LEFT THE PLANET AEONS AGO.

IF HE WAS EVER REAL.

"METROPLEX WAS **REAL**. HE AND I EXPLORED THE PLANET TOGETHER—EVERY SCRAP OF ITS SURFACE.

"I'M AS FAMILIAR WITH THE **TOPOGRAPHY** OF CYBERTRON AS I AM WITH THE **15 PRECEPTS** OF LATE-PERIOD FUNCTIONIST THEORY.

"WHICH IS TO SAY, **VERY**."

SEE, YOU'RE A **BIG PICTURE** GUY. FOR ME, IT'S ALL ABOUT THE **DETAILS**.

LOOK CLOSELY AT SOMETHING AND IT'LL MAKE SENSE. IF IT **DOESN'T**, LOOK **CLOSER**.

WE'RE UNDER **ATTACK**! POSITIONS, EVERYONE!

ARGH!

RRRD

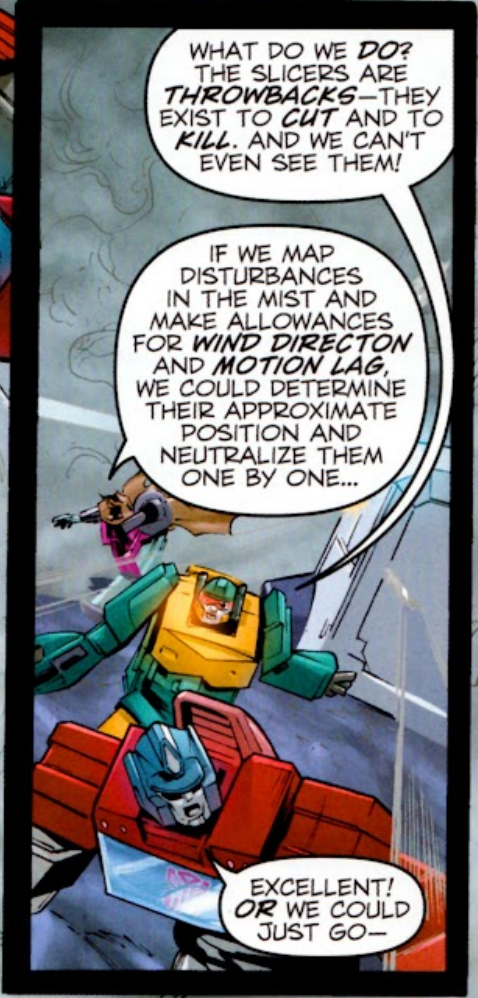
KSSSS



BE ON YOUR GUARD: THIS IS *SLICER* TERRITORY.

WHERE WAS "BE ON YOUR GUARD" *TWO* MINUTES AGO?!

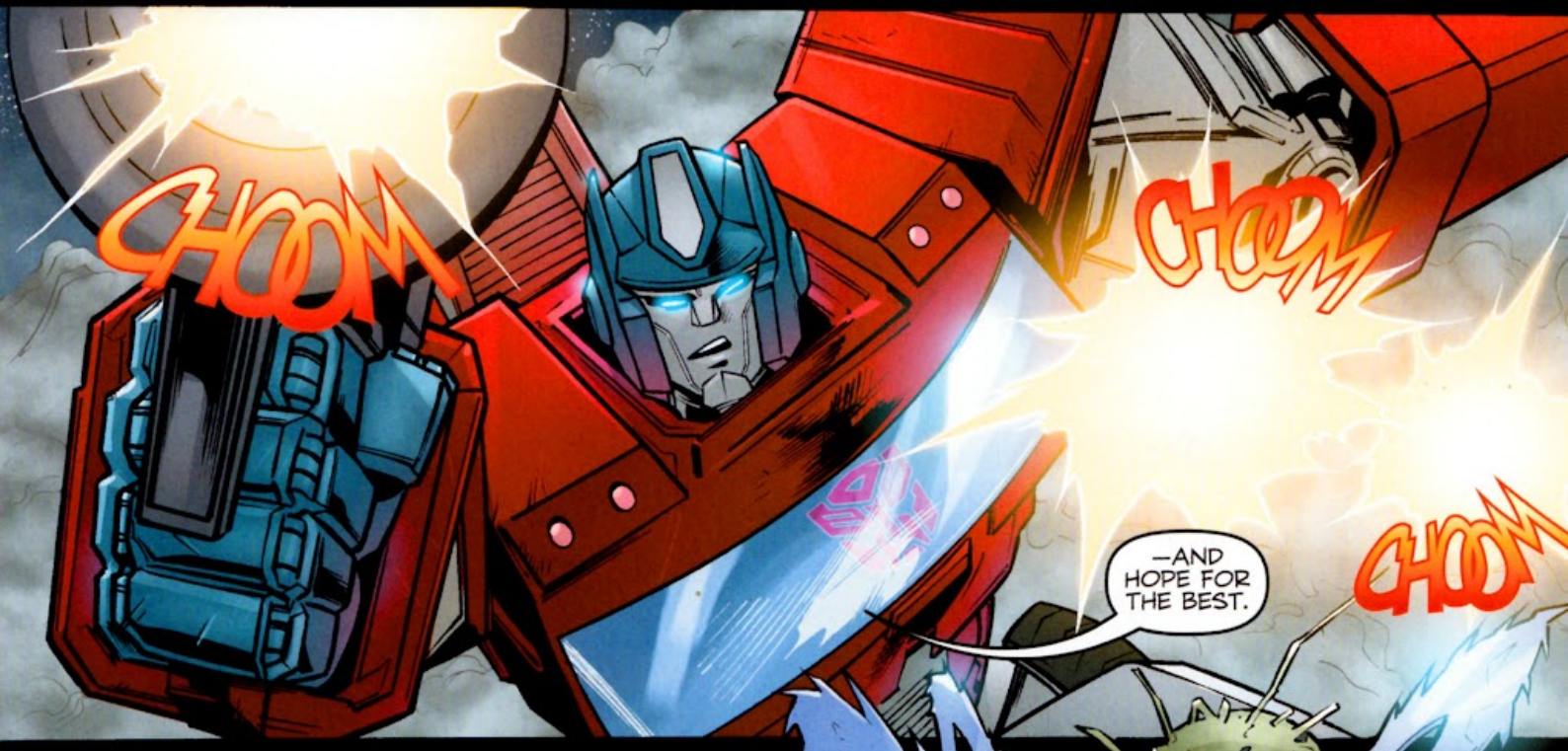
SOMETIMES, FORESIGHT CAN BE A BURDEN.



WHAT DO WE *DO*? THE SLICERS ARE *THROWBACKS*—THEY EXIST TO *CUT* AND TO *KILL*. AND WE CAN'T EVEN SEE THEM!

IF WE MAP DISTURBANCES IN THE MIST AND MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR *WIND DIRECTION* AND *MOTION LAG*, WE COULD DETERMINE THEIR APPROXIMATE POSITION AND NEUTRALIZE THEM ONE BY ONE...

EXCELLENT! OR WE COULD JUST GO—



—AND HOPE FOR THE BEST.



REARCH!



THERE'S
TOO MANY
OF THEM!

THEY TEND
TO HUNT IN
PACKS OF 20 OR
30, MUCH LIKE
THE *DIACLONA*
TRIBE, WHO—

ALRIGHT!
WE *GET* IT!
YOU KNOW
STUFF!



PROTECT
THE
TRAILER!

WITHOUT THE
PRISONER WE
CAN'T SAVE
RATCHET!



Y'KNOW, FOR A
PUBLIC INTELLECTUAL
YOU'RE PRETTY
HANDY WITH
YOUR FISTS.

I'VE
BEEN—*URGH*—
INVOLVED IN SOME
VERY HEATED
DEBATES.



THAT'S
RIGHT, *OFF*
YOU GO!
BACK INTO
THE MIST!

YOU OKAY,
PAX?



SEE?



FACEPLATE
WOULD'VE
STOPPED
THAT.



ER, PAX?
THE TRAILER
TOOK A FEW
HITS AND—

IT'S
EMPTY.

OMEGA'S
CONUNDRUM
IN ACTION.



NO! HE'LL
BE MILES
AWAY BY
NOW!

WAK

HELP!
I'M OVER
HERE!

OR...
NOT.

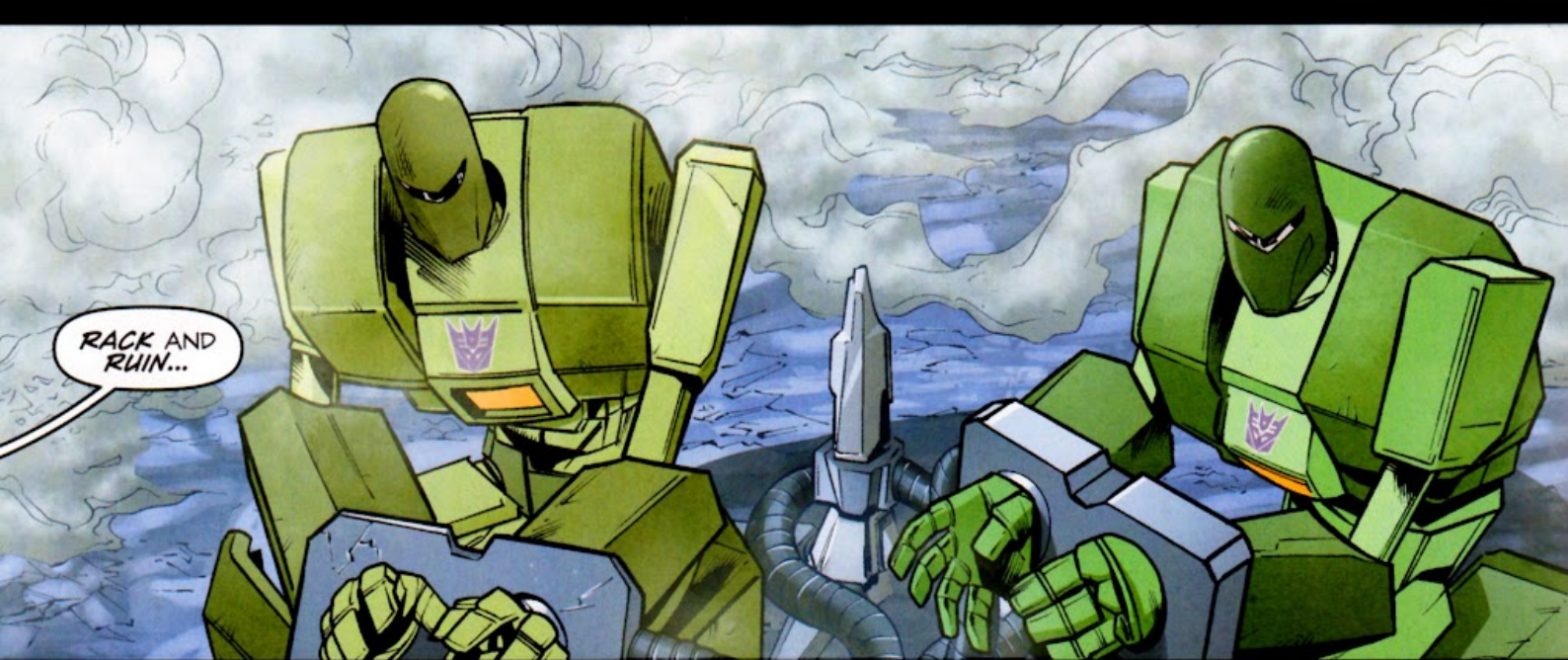


I'VE
FOUND
HIM.

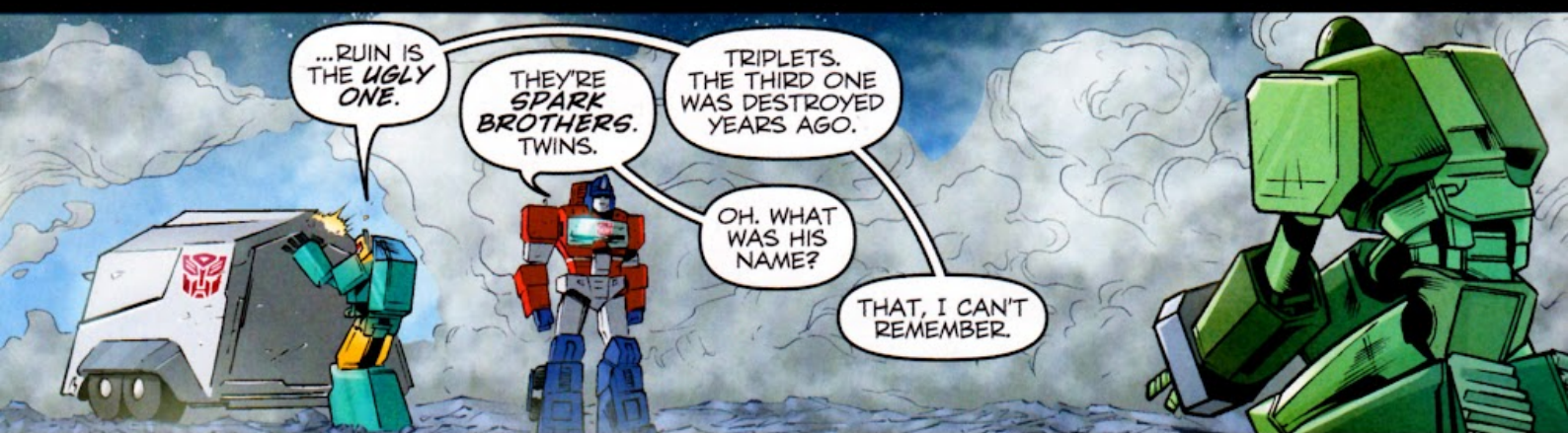


THAT'S
FUNNY—

—SO
HAVE I.



RACK AND RUIN...



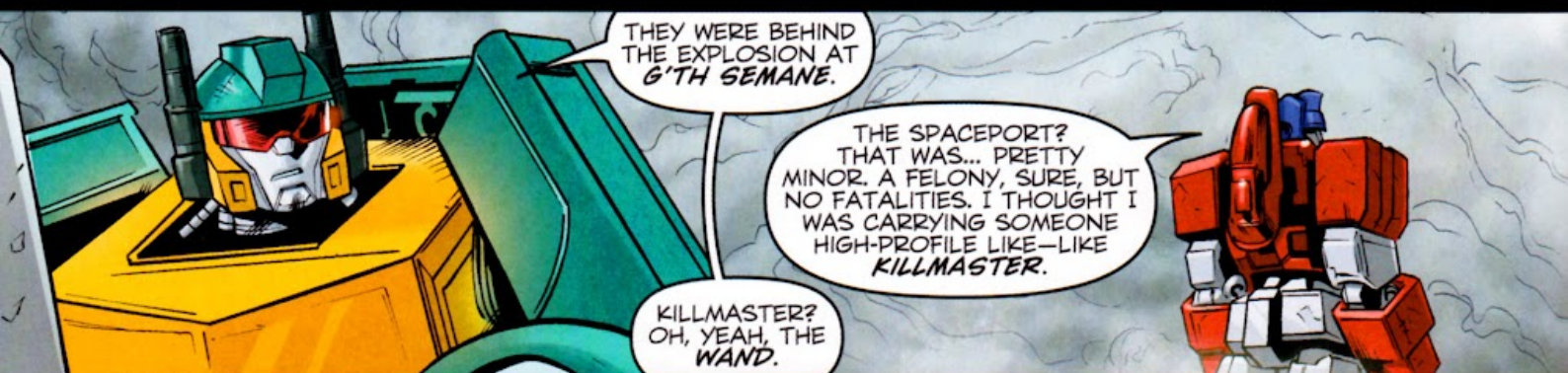
...RUIN IS THE UGLY ONE.

THEY'RE SPARK BROTHERS. TWINS.

TRIPLETS. THE THIRD ONE WAS DESTROYED YEARS AGO.

OH. WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

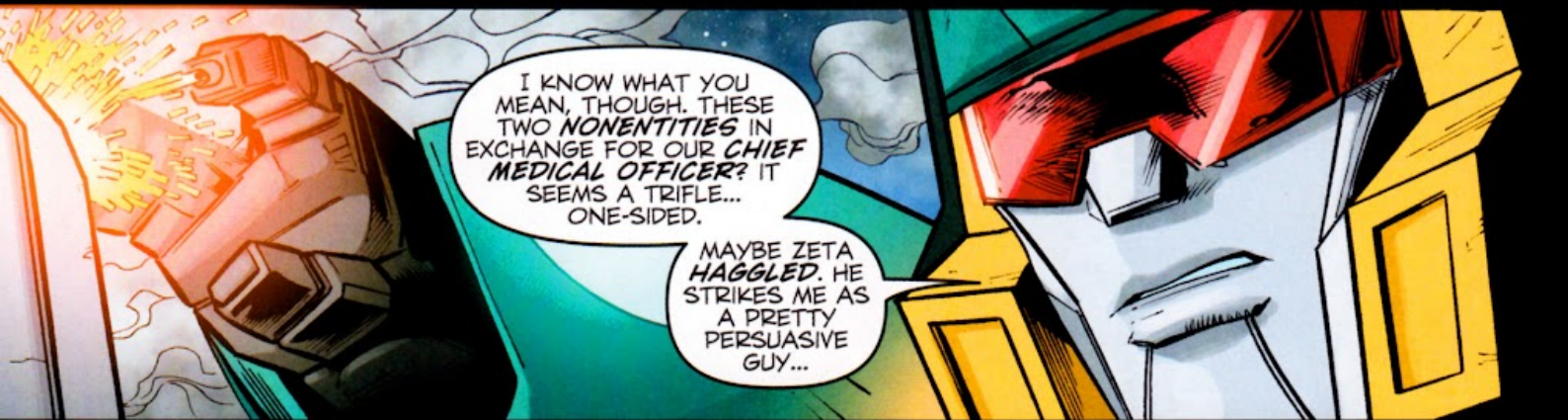
THAT, I CAN'T REMEMBER.



THEY WERE BEHIND THE EXPLOSION AT G'TH SEMANE.

THE SPACEPORT? THAT WAS... PRETTY MINOR. A FELONY, SURE, BUT NO FATALITIES. I THOUGHT I WAS CARRYING SOMEONE HIGH-PROFILE LIKE—LIKE **KILLMASTER**.

KILLMASTER? OH, YEAH, THE WAND.



I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, THOUGH. THESE TWO **NONENTITIES** IN EXCHANGE FOR OUR **CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER**? IT SEEMS A TRIFLE... ONE-SIDED.

MAYBE ZETA **HAGGLED**. HE STRIKES ME AS A PRETTY PERSUASIVE GUY...



I'M GOING TO TALK TO THEM.

PAX—**DON'T**. THEY'RE JUST—THEY'RE JUST **CRIMINALS**. THEY'RE NOT WORTH IT.

EVERYONE'S WORTH SOMETHING TO SOMEONE.



BUT FIRST—NEVER LIKED THESE *SENSORY DEPRIVATION HELMETS*...



THERE—NOW I CAN SEE WHO I'M TALKING TO.

CONGRATULATIONS ON NOT RUNNING.

YOU KIDDING? WHERE WOULD WE RUN?



WHAT'S THE *DEAL* HERE?

MEGATRON'S PREPARED TO HAND OVER THE AUTOBOTS' CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER IN EXCHANGE FOR YOU. THAT MAKES YOU VERY *SPECIAL*.



WE'RE NOT SPECIAL, WE'RE JUST—

GRUNTS. WE'RE JUST GRUNTS.

GRUNTS WHO GOT CAPTURED.

WE'RE NOT SPECIAL.



HMM. YOU'RE NOT *COMBINERS*, ARE YOU? I'VE HEARD MEGATRON'S *NEWEST FAVORITE* IS OBSESSED WITH GESTALT TECHNOLOGY...



WE'RE NOT *COMBINERS*. CAN YOU IMAGINE *COMBINING* WITH *HIM*?

IT'S BAD ENOUGH BEING LOCKED UP IN A *TRAILER* TOGETHER!



WE DON'T EVEN *HAVE* ALT MODES.

OUR *TRANSFORMATION COGS* STOPPED WORKING.

WE PUSHED 'EM TOO HARD.



PAX STILL CHATTING?

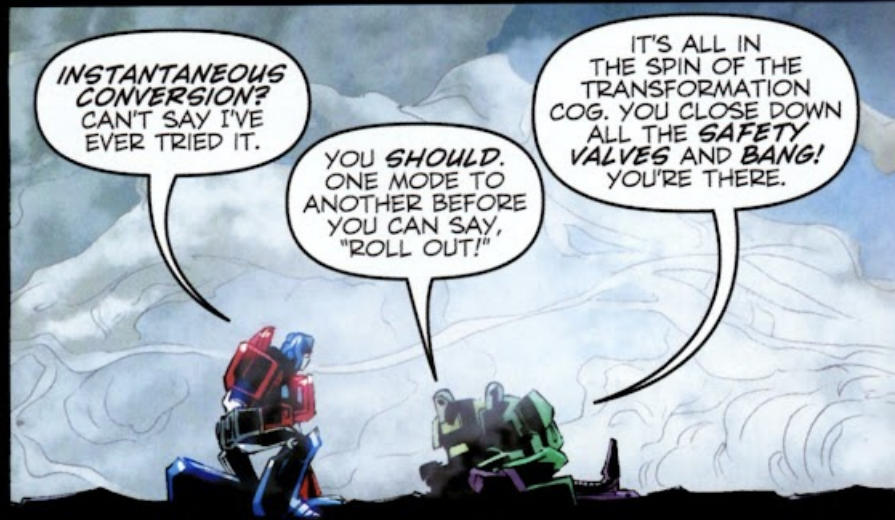
IT APPEARS SO.

WASTE OF TIME.

SOMETIMES, TIME WASTED IS TIME WELL SPENT.

SEE, IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE **PROFOUND**, IT'S JUST—

—YOU KNOW WHAT? I DON'T CARE.



INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION? CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER TRIED IT.

YOU **SHOULD**. ONE MODE TO ANOTHER BEFORE YOU CAN SAY, "ROLL OUT!"

IT'S ALL IN THE SPIN OF THE TRANSFORMATION COG. YOU CLOSE DOWN ALL THE **SAFETY VALVES** AND **BANG!** YOU'RE THERE.



I'M MORE INTERESTED IN **THAT**.

THE **BADGE?**

I WANT TO UNDERSTAND WHAT IT **MEANS**.



THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I **THOUGHT** I UNDERSTOOD. IN FACT I ALMOST **SYMPATHIZED**...

NO, THAT'S DISHONEST—I **DID** SYMPATHIZE. I THOUGHT THIS WORLD NEEDED CHANGING, JUST LIKE MEGATRON.



BUT NOW, WITH ZETA IN CHARGE—ZETA PRIME—THINGS **ARE** CHANGING. AREN'T THEY? **SLOWLY**, I'LL GRANT YOU, BUT—

IF YOU LOOK AT THAT BADGE AND FEEL AT EASE—IF YOU FEEL **PROUD**, EVEN—THEN OKAY, I GUESS YOU AND I JUST SEE THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY.

BUT IF YOU LOOK AT IT AND THINK, JUST FOR A SECOND, "HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?", THEN **STOP**. TEAR IT OFF! WALK AWAY!



DON'T HAND US OVER.

PLEASE. HE'LL KILL US. MEGATRON.

WE MESS'D UP. WE GOT CAPTURED. PLEASE—



WAIT! SHHH.

LISTEN.

GET BACK IN THE TRAILER—THEY'RE **COMING**.



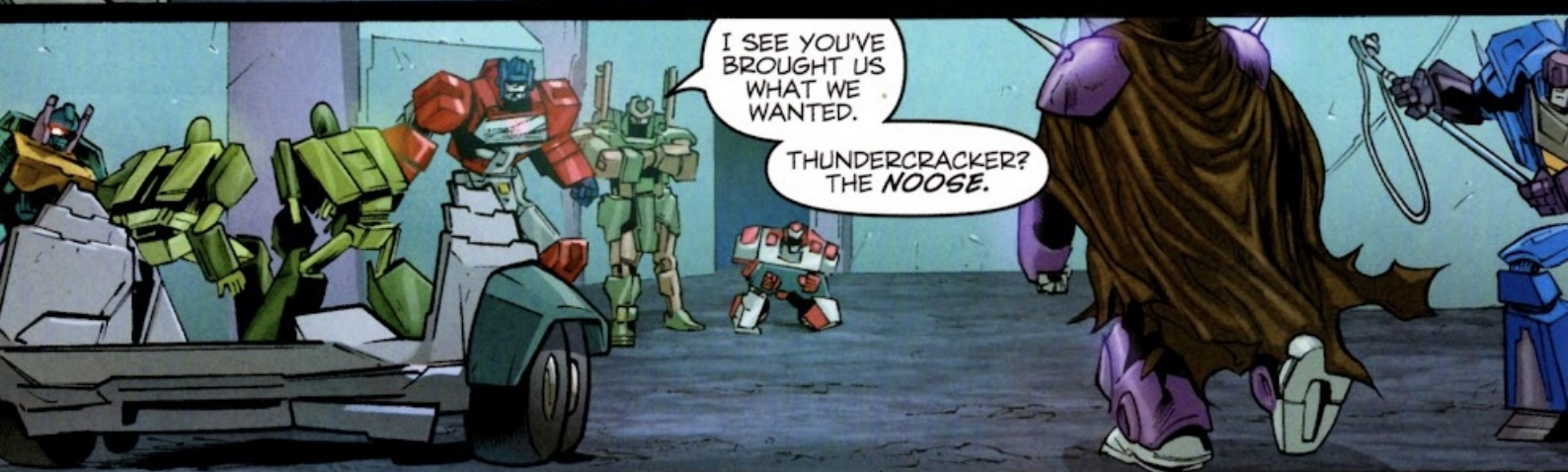


RATCHET! IF YOU'VE HURT HIM—

OF COURSE I'VE HURT HIM. I'VE HURT HIM IN WAYS THAT ONLY A DOCTOR WOULD UNDERSTAND. BUT I HAVEN'T **KILLED HIM.**

BUT AT LEAST HE'S LEARNED A VALUABLE LESSON: NEVER LEAVE THE D.M.F.* WITHOUT YOUR BODYGUARDS.

*DELTARAN MEDICAL FACILITY



I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT US WHAT WE WANTED.

THUNDERCRACKER? THE **NOOSE.**



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

COLLECTING OUR PRIZE. DON'T WORRY, WE STILL INTEND ON DISPATCHING **RUN AND JUMP** (OR WHATEVER THEY'RE CALLED), SO IT'S NOT BEEN A WASTED JOURNEY—

—BUT IT'S **ALPHA TRION** WE REALLY WANT.

THAT'S WHY YOU CHOSE THE RUST SPOT AS A RENDEZVOUS: YOU KNEW HE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD **LEAD US HERE...**

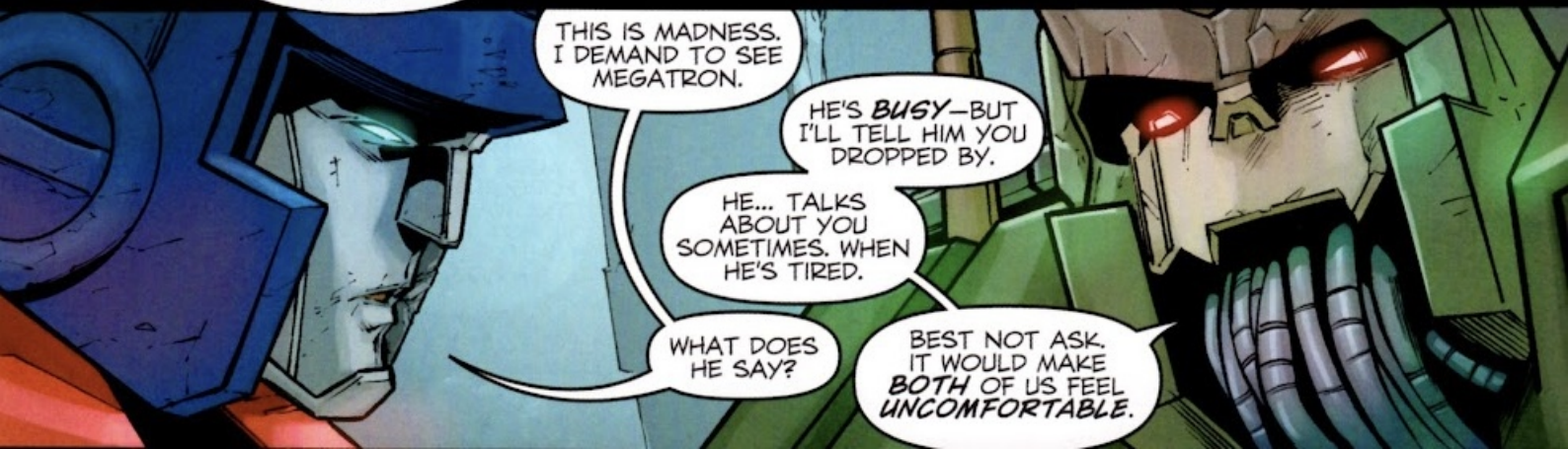
AND NOW HE CAN LEAD US—TO **METROPLEX.**



I SHOULDN'T TELL YOU THIS, BUT THE **BEST** SECRETS ARE THOSE TOO GOOD TO KEEP.

YOU SEE, MEGATRON BELIEVES METROPLEX IS REAL—AND THAT INSIDE HIM IS A **PINPRICK OF TRANSDIMENSIONAL SPACE.** WE CAN USE IT TO CREATE A **SPACE BRIDGE** AND TRAVERSE THE GALAXY ON **FOOT.**

JUST IMAGINE HOW **FAR** THE DECEPTICON INFLUENCE WOULD SPREAD IF EVERY PLANET WAS WITHIN **MARCHING DISTANCE...**



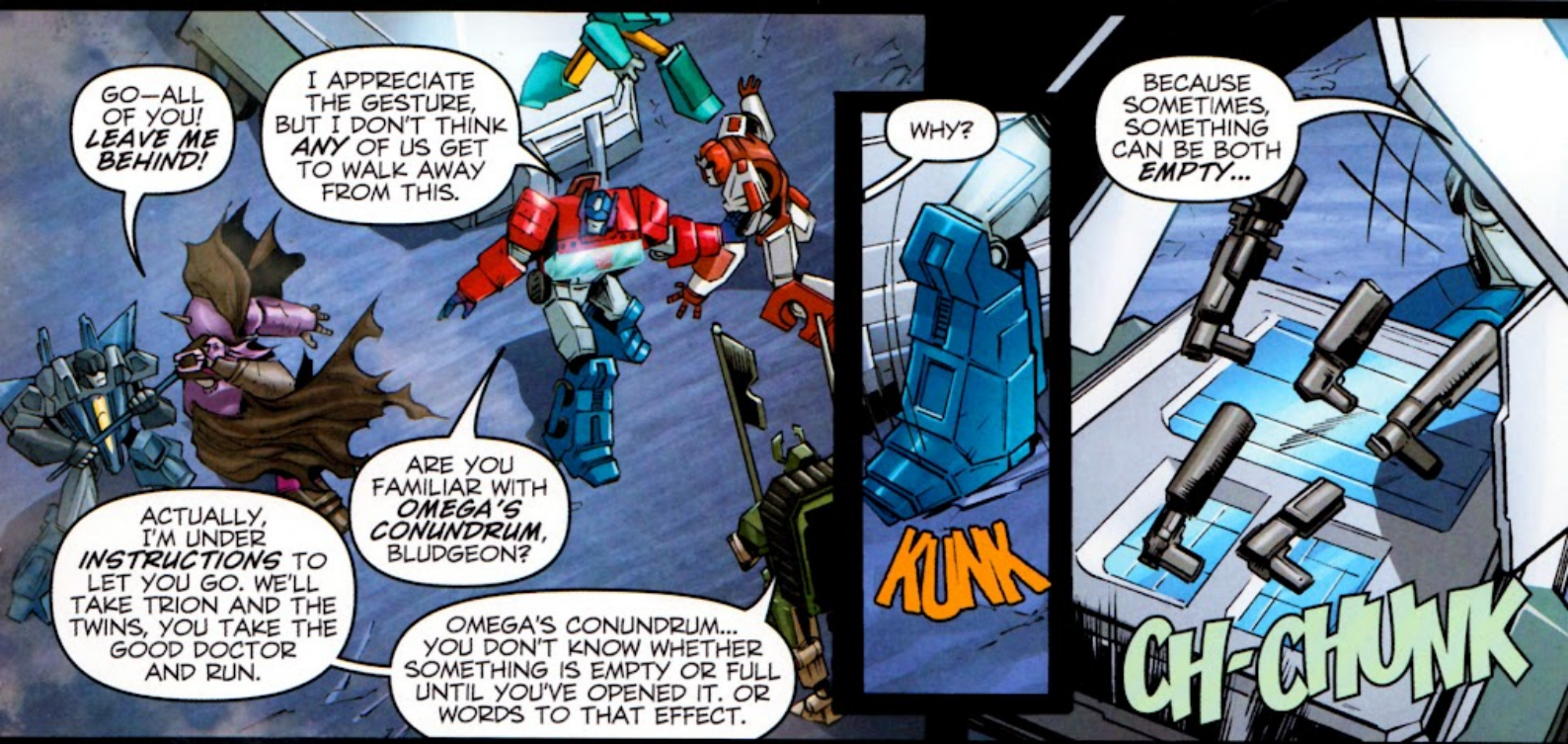
THIS IS MADNESS. I DEMAND TO SEE MEGATRON.

HE'S **BUSY**—BUT I'LL TELL HIM YOU DROPPED BY.

HE... TALKS ABOUT YOU SOMETIMES. WHEN HE'S TIRED.

WHAT DOES HE SAY?

BEST NOT ASK. IT WOULD MAKE **BOTH** OF US FEEL **UNCOMFORTABLE.**



GO—ALL OF YOU! LEAVE ME BEHIND!

I APPRECIATE THE GESTURE, BUT I DON'T THINK ANY OF US GET TO WALK AWAY FROM THIS.

ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH OMEGA'S CONUNDRUM, BLUDGEON?

ACTUALLY, I'M UNDER INSTRUCTIONS TO LET YOU GO. WE'LL TAKE TRION AND THE TWINS, YOU TAKE THE GOOD DOCTOR AND RUN.

OMEGA'S CONUNDRUM... YOU DON'T KNOW WHETHER SOMETHING IS EMPTY OR FULL UNTIL YOU'VE OPENED IT. OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT.

WHY?

KUNK

BECAUSE SOMETIMES, SOMETHING CAN BE BOTH EMPTY...

CH-CHUNK

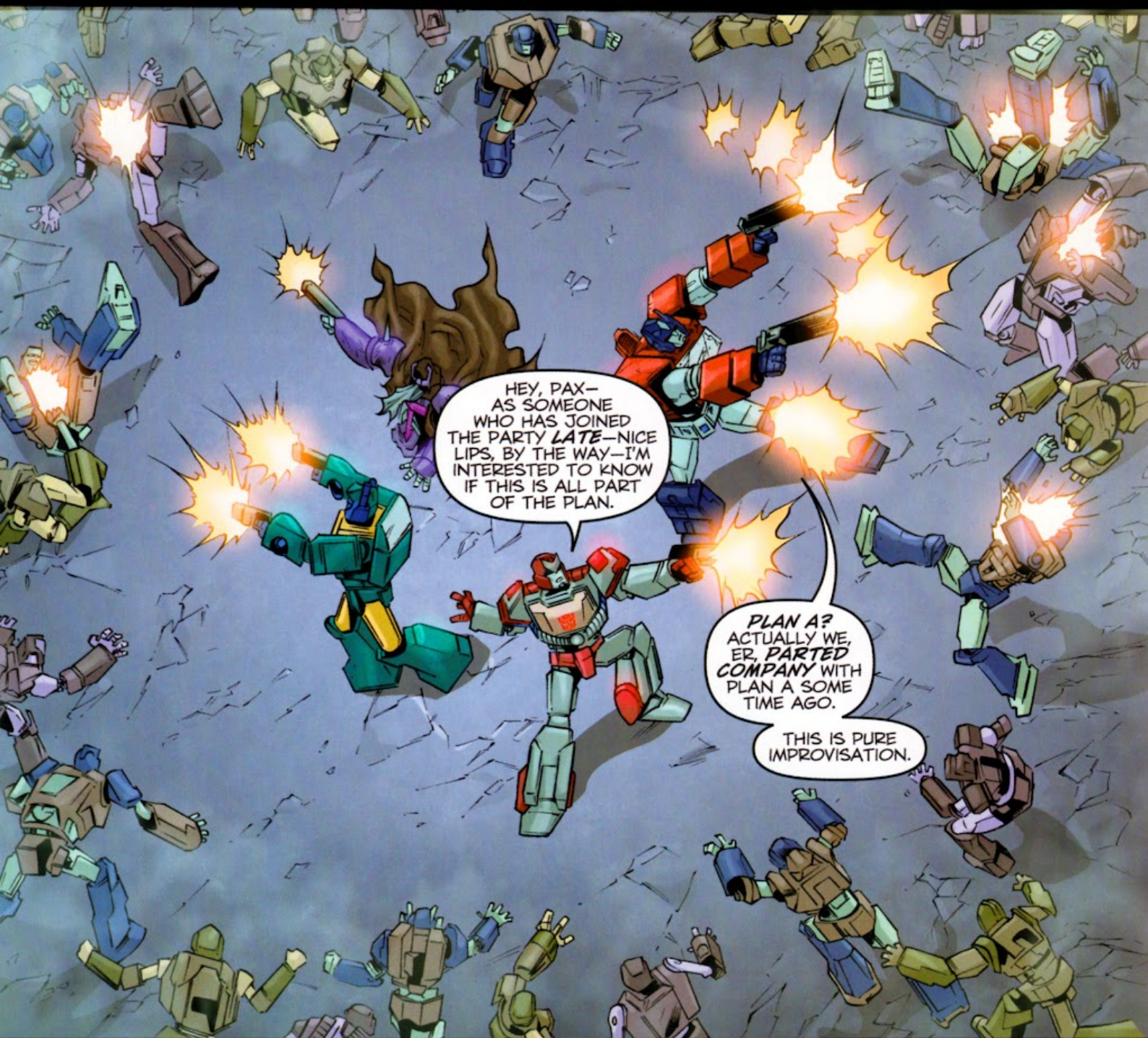


...AND FULL!

I MAY NOT BE AS SMART AS ALPHA TRION...



...BUT I CAN SAY "BRING IT ON" IN 4,000 LANGUAGES!





"...I HAVE PLANS."

ONE WORD:
WHY?

VARIETY.

ANYONE
CAN SHOOT
AN AUTOBOT. BUT
THIS—ORION PAX
CHAINED TO A
PLUMMETING
SHUTTLE—THIS
IS **NEW**.

IMAGINATION,
PAX. IT'S WHAT
SETS US APART
FROM THE
TURBOFOXES.

THE SHUTTLE
IS PROGRAMMED
TO FLY CLEAR OF
THE RUST SPOT
AND **CRASH** INTO
THE NEAREST
SETTLEMENT.

WHICH
IS...?

PEPTEX?
IACON? DOESN'T
MATTER. **NOT**.
RELEVANT.

SO LONG AS
IT'S **DENSELY**
POPULATED...

YOU'RE
GOING TO KILL
CIVILIANS WITH
THIS STUNT,
BLUDGEON—I
THOUGHT WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE
FIGHTING ON
THEIR BEHALF!

EVERY
CIVILIAN IS A
DECEPTICON AT
HEART. THOSE
THAT DIE TODAY
ARE **MARTYRS**—
I ENVY THEM.

YOU'LL
GO FAR IN
THIS BRAVE
NEW WORLD,
BLUDGEON.

THE WAY
YOU THINK—THE
WAY YOU PRESENT
YOURSELF AS A
CONNOISSEUR OF
PAIN—YOU'LL CLIMB
VERY HIGH.

YOU'RE
TRYING TO
STALL ME,
BUT—GO
ON.

YOU'LL RISE UP
THE DECEPTICON
RANKS BY VIRTUE OF
YOUR **DISREGARD** FOR
OTHERS, UNTIL FINALLY
YOU'LL STAND SHOULDER
TO SHOULDER WITH
MEGATRON. AND
THEN...

AND
THEN?

AND
THEN YOU'LL
OVERREACH
YOURSELF. AND
YOU'LL FALL FAR
FURTHER THAN YOU
CLIMBED, AND YOUR
NAME WILL BE
SYNONYMOUS WITH
FAILURE, AND
ARROGANCE, AND
MISPLACED
AMBITION.

IS THAT
SO? WELL,
WHATEVER
HAPPENS...

"...YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT."



GOADING BLUDGEON BOUGHT ME ENOUGH TIME TO COME UP WITH... **NOTHING.**

I JUST HOPE THE OTHERS ARE BETTER AT **ESCAPING** THAN I AM.



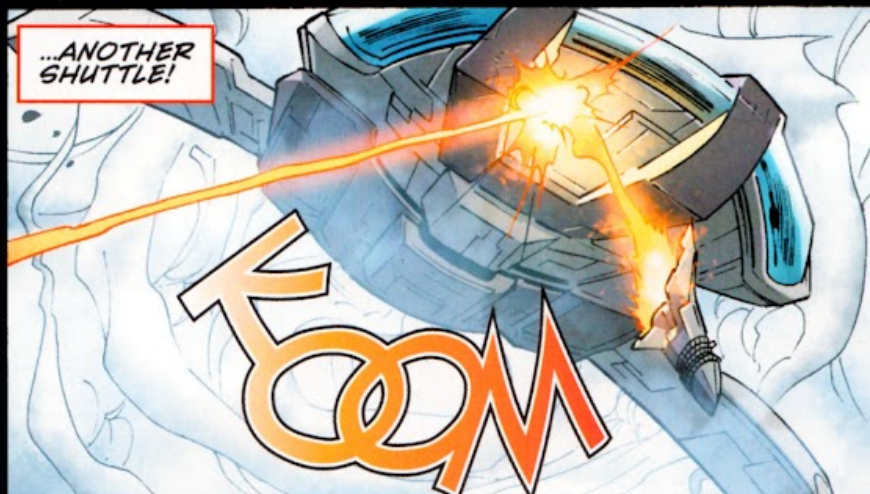
STILL, IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, THIS SHUTTLE'S TRAJECTORY IS SUCH THAT IT WILL **OVERSHOOT** EVERY NEARBY SETTLEMENT...

I'M STILL GOING TO DIE, TRUE...



...BUT AT LEAST I WON'T BE TAKING ANYONE WITH ME. MAYBE I DON'T NEED MY FACEPLATE TO BRING ME LUCK AFTER ALL.

WHAT THE-? SOMETHING'S **MOVING** UP AHEAD...



...ANOTHER SHUTTLE!

ME AND MY BIG, VISIBLE MOUTH:



THE **COLLISION** HAS KNOCKED ME OFF COURSE. IN FIVE MINUTES' TIME I'LL BE DIRECTLY OVER IACON.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT—WE SHOULD **DEFINITELY** HAVE GONE WITH **PLAN B.**

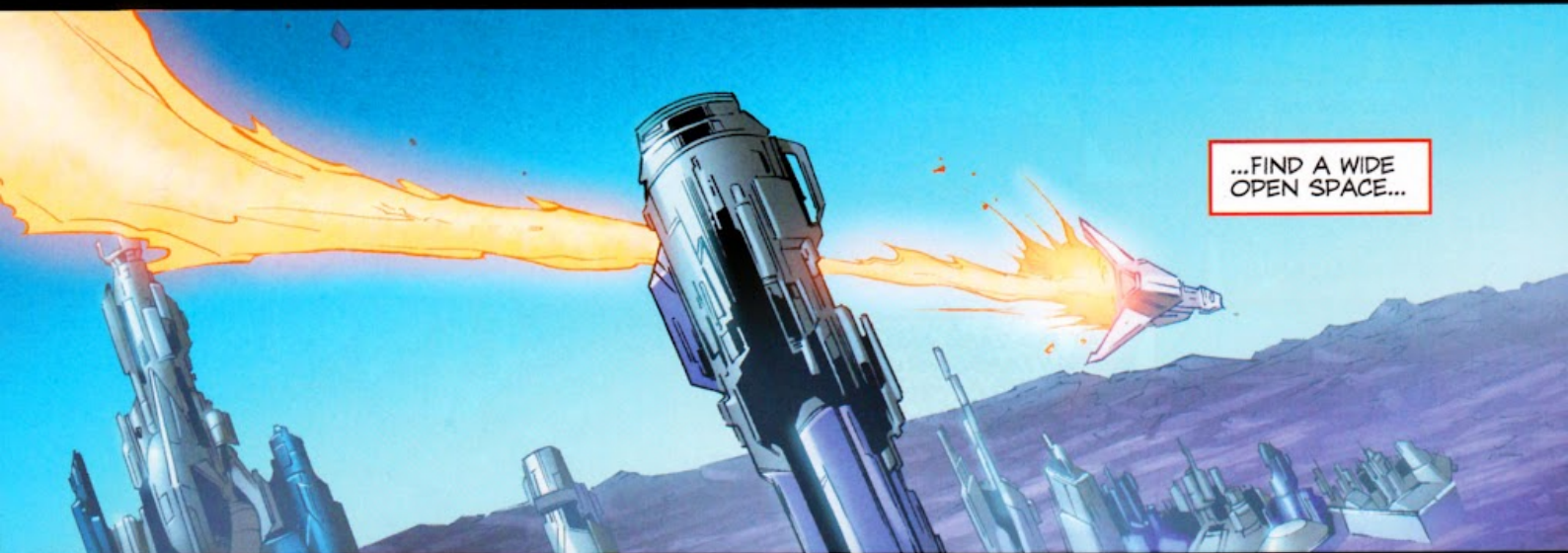


THE CHAINS REFUSE TO BUDGE, EVEN THOUGH I'M TRYING AS HARD AS I CAN TO BREAK THEM.

WAIT. AS **HARD** AS I CAN, MAYBE—BUT NOT AS **FAST** AS I CAN...

WHAT DID RACK AND RUIN CALL IT—**INSTANTANEOUS CONVERSION?** IF I IGNORE **KAPUT'S** ADVICE AND **SPIN** MY TRANSFORMATION COG FAST ENOUGH MAYBE I CAN—





SCRUNCH

...AND SET HER
DOWN *GENTLY*.

WHEELJACK'S GOING
TO *KILL* ME WHEN
HE SEES WHAT I'VE
DONE TO HIS BODY.

AND IT'S A GOOD
BODY, TOO.

ALMOST
PERFECT.

ALMOST.





TRANSFORMERS SOLO ADVENTURES CONTINUE NEXT MONTH!

THE TRANSFORMERS

SPOTLIGHT

SPOTLIGHT: THUNDERCRACKER

In the dark days of the war for Cybertron, Thundercracker had a special mission—and when he faces off against Bumblebee for the first time, the fate of Metroplex—and an entire civilization—is at stake!

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THE HARD PART BEGINS.

THE TRANSFORMERS

ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

#12

THE RETURN!

Megatron is back... and nothing will ever be the same. Everything Bumblebee has built teeters at the edge of collapse—and Starscream has to make the choice of a lifetime.

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THE WAR IS OVER. NOW THINGS GET MESSY.

THE TRANSFORMERS

FORMERS
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

#12



AUTOBOTS VERSUS DECEPTICONS!

The crew of the *Lost Light* confronts a band of rogue Decepticons—with terrible consequences. As an Autobot slips closer to death, a single decision sets in motion a chain of events that might just spell the end for Rodimus and his band of travelers.

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CONTINUING THE STORY OF THE ORIGINAL TRANSFORMERS COMICS!

THE TRANSFORMERS

REGENERATION One



DARK REIGN!

The fallout from the devastation on Earth ripples outwards, all the way to Nebulos, where Grimlock faces his own darkest demons and a fateful choice that may cost him his very Spark. The dark reign of Scorponok begins here, and nothing will ever be the same again!

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